The
# COMMONWEAL

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## *Hiroshima's Dedication*

THREE YEARS have passed. Only a few twisted bridges and the shattered Science and Commerce building remain to remind the visitor to Hiroshima of the first atomic bombing, from an American plane, which killed 90,000 of that Japanese city's 320,000 inhabitants. Hiroshima is already back to its pre-war population, once again a busy industrial port. They have cleared away the rubble, while the dishes, bottles and the like which had melted and fused into fantastic shapes on that fateful morning have long since been distributed as souvenirs. And so life there goes on.

The tortured survivors of that man-made cataclysm are no longer visible on the streets. Only nine victims still remain in the Red Cross hospital. Contrary to certain expectations and rumors, the women of Hiroshima are giving birth to apparently normal infants, while the atomized soil of the vicinity produces vegetables of normal size. The terrors of August 6, 1945, which a special British mission to Japan has fully substantiated, have been pushed into the background. Observers find that the people of that city believe that whatever guilt was theirs for launching the war in the Pacific has been expiated by their ordeal.

But many of them do not consider that their historic rôle is finished. Hiroshima, the first victim of man's most obliterating weapon, seeks, on the basis of that human holocaust, to become a shrine of peace. The anniversary ceremonies this year involved a curious blend of America and the Orient. They began at the fateful hour of 8:15 A.M., three years to the minute after the bomb from the "Enola Gay" burst over the doomed city. At the appointed hour Mayor Hamai struck a "peace gong" at a point directly under the center of that explosion. Then "Miss Hiroshima," winner of a city beauty contest, released a flutter of symbolic white doves. A message from General MacArthur encouraged the populace to continue their work of reconstruction. A discordant note was struck when the British commander of the occupying forces, reflecting Australian resentment of the comparatively benign American occupation policy, included an injunction not to forget that the Japanese had brought the atom bomb upon themselves. Finally one Atsuo Oki read a poem for the occasion. And on this anniversary day, Mayor Hamai presumably carried out his plans to memorialize by telegram the mayors of all the big cities of the world to enlist them in the cause of peace.

Perhaps far-off Hiroshima may well become an important historic shrine and continue to serve as a warning to those who will and can see. But how are the people in that single moderate-size city, occupied by Allied troops, people who are slowly rising from their exploitation under years of Oriental poverty and Japanese despotism—as well as from the shambles of devastation and the anguish of defeat—lead any worldwide fight for peace? What can they, individually or collectively, do about it? A more terrifying thought: what can the unharried, well-fed American citizen do about it, for that matter? Our representatives on Atomic Energy Commission did make a valiant effort, taking part in more than two hundred meetings over a space of twenty-two months to arrive at a formula acceptable to the Russians and one which would fit into an adequate overall pattern. All to no purpose.

Russia and the United States are engaged in an all-out race not only of atomic and radioactive weapons but of biological techniques as well. And when we reach the point in a very few years that the destruction of the cities of the world is only a matter of hours after the launching of the first missile, what forces or institutions will there be in operation to hold back the first overt act. We continue to talk to the Russians and to hold to the line, but in the face of their ever-unsatisfied aggressiveness place our real reliance on our su-



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periority of destructive weapons, even as in the Pacific we introduced atomic weapons into modern warfare when the course of the war obviously was almost run.

The quest for means which will not destroy a quarter of the globe to resist an insatiable aggressor, the strength of whose inflammatory ideology is distinctly subsidiary, is one of the most difficult ever to confront perplexed humanity. In the staggering proportions of their struggle for peace the men and women of Hiroshima are not alone.

### *N. Y., Pa., Cal., Ill., Ohio, and All*

THE CENSUS BUREAU has just given the country a July 1, 1947, population of 143,414,000 —up 8.9 percent since 1940. In the seven years California gained a stupendous 42.1 percent, and the other Pacific states were not far behind: Oregon, up 41.8 percent and Washington, 35.8.

Industry has been moving to the Far West along with population. A new McGraw Hill Study, "America's Changing Industrial Map," claims in prose and diagram that "migration, decentralization, relocation, or movement of American industry—call it what you will—has top ranking among today's business problems and developments." Before the War (II), the Northeastern section had 72 percent of manufacturing jobs, but this old industrial area got only 55 percent of war plants and 45 percent of postwar plants. "In other words, putting one-half of the US's over-all expansion of industry into the South and West has made these 'new' regions grow almost three times as fast as the old ones."

The most interesting part of the McGraw Hill study deals with "Reasons for Industrial Shifts." The "reasons" continue to seem inadequate, both as material explanations, in fact, and as intelligent and moral motives which ought to control our distribution of population, production and consumption. "Government action" is placed "among the top in new factors." The study cites four types of action as examples: TVA and Bonneville power developments; the placement of defense plants; cuts in differentials between rail freight rates in the East and South and West; the Supreme Court's decision against the basing-point system in setting prices. "More important than government action is the great change in consumer markets. The regions in the South and West have increased their share of US income from 38 percent to 44 percent since 1939." The population growth in itself is a powerful stimulating cause-effect way West, "but even more important was a healthy gain in per capita income in other regions of the South and West." General cost differentials have been gradually changing, to the advantage of Western industry. Wage differentials have held fairly steady for 15 years. "The Far West still runs some 15 percent above, and the South some 15 percent below, par for the Northeast and Middle West. . . . The biggest boon for the fast-growing regions, in labor matters, has probably come from the wartime training that built up skilled, efficient labor forces and so cut costs."

Offhand, it appears a good thing to even up the industry and economy of the great regions of the nation. The speedy shift of the past decade is welcome. But the forces at work are still principally irrational, and only accidentally lead toward better relationships between the people and the natural environment and their own human society. The governmental bodies and the corporations and enterprises which take action to shift production and population from one region to another might well elaborate their reasons not only in the field of near-term profit-and-loss business, but also with regard to social strength and balance and convenience, and to the wisest, conserving use of natural resources; and they should make these reasons public. Then individual families and citizens would build up more informed opinions about the planning of the community and their own lives, and standards could be developed and more deliberate action taken to fit with the best and different possibilities offered by all the contrasting regions of this rich and beautiful country.

### *The Case of the Abducted Schoolteacher*

LONG AGO in the old days in Paris before the war the abductions often took place in the quietest streets, in streets with names from the times of the Monarchy—the rue Monsieur, the rue Madame (Madame the unmarried daughter of the King). The walls enclosing the gardens of the great town houses rose on each side of the street and then, all the same, because Revolution brought the middle classes into all the most elegant quarters, at the corner there would be a café—a small one, very quiet, with free newspapers to read, the city directory (Bottin) to consult, dominoes and backgammon. Generally it was someone sitting in the café looking out the window who would be the only witness, or it would be a maid coming back from the cinema: "The old gentleman came along as he does every evening and then a closed car stopped at the curb; three men got out; they talked with the old gentleman for not more than a minute; then everyone got into the car and the car drove off. No. There was no struggle. The three men helped the old gentleman into the car. That's all."

That's all there ever was. That was the last of the Russian (White) General, or of the Colonel, or of the civilians who disappeared. They did not use airplanes in those days. There would be a Russian freighter leaving the Havre the

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next morning or, sometimes, even from so near as Rouen.

The French Police were helpless.

That is the way it used to be in France before the war and when the Germans overran Europe the Germans started abducting too and then the Vichy French abducted, the Resistance French abducted, and people disappeared right and left in France—but also in Italy, in Yugoslavia, in Greece, and in China and all over the world—dropping out of sight, then shot at once, or shot after questioning and torture, or questioned and tortured and left to rot in a camp or a cell or put to hard labor somewhere until they died.

Because of the way the war came out the Germans have abandoned the habit. That is about all you can say—but not quite all.

You can say that the habit of abducting people was never formed in England or in the United States. We have the word "abduction," the word "kidnapping" and therefore we have the acts they describe, but the acts are never committed by political parties or the government. We have private acts and we have laws against private acts (the Mann Act; the life or death sentence for kidnapping).

The Russians have the acts and no laws against the acts. They have large territories in which the question of law is of no interest anyway. There are other territories in which there is a law not made by them, but applicable to them and to their acts—but territories in which they can break the law. That is the situation in Poland, in Czechoslovakia, in the Baltic and in the Balkans. It is also the situation in parts of Germany.

There is one territory, of notable extent, in which there is a law against abduction which applies to individuals, corporations, organizations, and the language and intent of this law is so clear that you do not even need to look it up in order to know that it applies also to foreign governments, foreign officials, foreign ambassadors, foreign consuls, foreign policemen. There is this territory in which the law exists and in which the law is enforced. It is the territory of the United States.

The situation in America is such that the methods used by the Russians in Paris before the war and everywhere else in Europe since the war, will not work here. Soviet Consul-General Lomakin's little excursion into the Tolstoy Foundation farm to bring back his errant schoolteacher is an excursion into American law—fraught with great peril to the interests of his country.

Soviet Consul-General Lomakin's studies of American life go so far and no further; he seems to have heard of the pre-Civil War underground through which runaway Negro slaves reached safety (the knock on the door at night; the indications carefully given in the morning as to the route for the day) for he identifies the Tolstoy Foundation with such a system. But he seems never to have heard that slavery has been abolished in this country. His, and his Ambassador's, appeal to our authorities to catch and return the runaways for him, makes him look like some Southern Rip Van Winkle staring at his empty slave quarters and howling for the sheriff. He is hopelessly anachronistic. That would be all right were he not so deeply convinced that he is a man of a future in which requests to American authorities to return runaway Soviet subjects will be mandatory.

"Leakage" of course is regretted by any organization, but America has not asked Europe to return to us Henry M. Noel, Jr., who gave up his citizenship in order to demonstrate his solidarity with the victims of our war bombing in Germany. Nor, in the past, did any American consul rush to abduct Henry James from the British country houses of his delight. It is not a crime for schoolmasters to seek a change in scholars; Mrs. Oksana Stepenovna Kosenkina commits no crime in wanting to stay in America. It may be true, as Mr. Lomakin remarked in a sinister interview, that she "needs a long rest." But, perhaps, Mr. Lomakin, she might rest more quietly here—although it may be that the "big sleep" is peaceful too.

### *Counter-force, Pressure, Action.*

THE negotiations with Russia, in the short term, work against the West, by their existence and by their prolongation. The squeeze in Berlin grows constantly more merciless, and the prestige of the Western allies and confidence in them grows weaker. "The Western countries have blundered into this crisis"—to quote the London *Economist,* and paraphrase nearly all English and American observers. "They have every right to be furiously angry with the so-called leaders who put them there. But anger will not get them out."

No matter what is the upshot of the Moscow conferences and of any further conferences brought on by Russian exploitation of the Berlin crisis, the Western allies will have to do better in the future. No agreement with Russia will be self-operating and self-enforcing. A counter-force must be developed which will hold back the heavy push of Soviet Communism. Such a force will never be created out of paper or regulations or bank credit, although all those means must be used. Everything from submarines and tanks to aircraft and the most ethereal prayers must work for decent peace. A vigorous political economy and a military alliance—as a solid bloc—must unite the peoples who presume to oppose Soviet Communism.

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# *Man Against the Skyline*

*Charles F. Fuller*

CITY PLANNING, like the weather, comes in for a lot of talk, even though nothing much seems to get done about it. There is no surprise in this: no one, not even the rich, can escape the irritations (and worse) of life in our huge cities and only our simian descent can account for our pathetic adaptability to the highly organized discomfort of urban living.

The statement that the modern world consists of huge cities rather than nations becomes more accurate all the time as the machine creates jobs and jobs attract jobholders in still-growing concentration. Cities attract more than workers: here flock the politicians, the artists and the intellectuals. From the cities there radiate political power, fashions, art and ideas which symbolize to the world the nations themselves. Up to 1915, in this country and in Europe, the growth of cities was mainly centripetal, producing increasing densities at the core. The automobile, highway, and other means of mass transport have somewhat reversed the process. But population growth kept right on while the city doubled in diameter, so today all great cities have the worst of both influences: the central slum and warehouse districts; the outlying sprawling raggedness. In all but the rarest instances, this growth has been entirely uncontrolled by any governing or planning body and even when there has been an effort to plan ahead (cf. Washington, D. C.), greed and weakness have perverted the original good intentions.

This is not the place to tot up all the evils of the monstrous haphazard process: the slums; the rotting abandoned centers; the straggling, monotonous sub-divisions; the acute lack of parks and playgrounds; the dirt, noise, and ceaseless confusion. Every city dweller takes these things as his bitter daily medicine. Our inquiry here is rather why so little has been done, or perhaps can be done, to bring our cities up to something like human requirements.

Though we know, sadly enough, that almost nothing was done to control or humanize the growth of cities in the last century, it is not necessary to go into all the causes here. The industrial revolution has always outpaced political understanding, and, as it created machines and machines attracted men to run them, cities of all sizes began to grow so fast that any ideas of planned development were swamped in the scramble.

In a period dominated by *laissez-faire* economics, any ideas of control were—and in the United States are—unpopular anyway, so that the land speculator was given a free hand. The general welfare was not deliberately neglected, since it was believed that natural progress would automatically take care of it. With such philosophy, all that government felt obligated to do was to provide water, police and fire protection, and such minimum services. All else was left in the greedy hands of the *entrepreneur* and it was not until the turn of the century that men began to realize the nature of the Frankenstein they had created.

By then, of course, all the basic misfortunes had happened. Slums were flourishing; there were few, if, indeed, any parks; inconvenient street patterns were there to stay; railroad yards, terminals and freight stations were in place; soft coal and smoke from industrial plants poured into every home—to the anguish of the housekeeper. What trees were left standing were doomed to gradual strangulation by the smoke or sudden death, when streets were widened.

At first it was hoped that better architecture (The City Beautiful) would solve the problem. Haussmann's revamping of Paris under Napoleon III, with its "monumental" distances, influenced that generation of planners and architects, but even as the first plans were being drawn it became obvious that far wider and deeper reforms were needed if anything effective was to be done. But while planners, sociologists, architects, and other thoughtful men made studies, read papers and read books, the cities kept on growing—much faster now than in the 19th century—and still without over-all guidance of any effective kind.

Today the great cities of the world have incorporated into their governments a number of planning and control bodies: zoning boards, plan commissions, departments of public health, building codes, etc., all dealing in more or less degree with public welfare. The effectiveness of these bodies and their powers vary, of course, with the political atmosphere which created them. The Labor Government of England, for instance, has given, through Parliament, powers over land-use to local authorities; powers so wide that industry, business and residence areas can be not only determined beforehand, but also the kind of business and industry. Such powers are not in our political creed here and, as the last successful example of *laissez-faire* capitalism it is unlikely



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that we shall adopt any comparable measure as long as the system works. We shall continue to use our various planning and controlling agencies in a largely advisory capacity, with restrictive powers (police power) as the only means of effecting reforms. We have in the U.S. all the institutions, the planning bodies necessary, but we hesitate to give them the power to act lest some private interest be mutilated.

On the technical level we have made great strides. Our planners have amassed a staggering amount of information about every phase of urban life, from the major problems of traffic and transportation through extensive studies of population characteristics, housing densities, water supplies, pollution of rivers and beaches, down to the life curve of the steel casement windows on the Atlantic seaboard. Standards for housing, standards for park areas and playgrounds, standards for Public Health and even aesthetic standards have been formulated and to some extent, particularly in the field of Public Health, incorporated into local ordinances. This variegated and richly patterned research goes on all the time, and will form the source material from which the great plans and programs of our ideal cities will be drawn. Until we are politically ready to do something on a big scale, this vast accumulation of facts will remain amorphous and cloudy, with little of life to it and none of art.

But granted that some fine day there will be power—financial, legal and political—sufficient to replan our cities from the bottom up. Let the present crumbling process go on for a generation until our cities are entirely, instead of only partially, bankrupt and there may well be such a desperate situation that a super City Authority, richer and more powerful than the T.V.A., may have to be set up to bring our cities up from ruin.

Even then, out of our pile of knowledge, will we be able to solve this most complex problem adequately and imaginatively, so that great cities will become really human places in which to live? There is very little evidence today that we will, in spite of the absorbed work of so many trained and able men.

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That is to say, that while a huge amount is known and tabulated about the evils of megalopolitan life, there has been very little (scientifically) serious study of what urban life should be like. This may sound a little strange to a public already familiar with the bold plans for rebuilding London, but it is true that the basic assumption as to what urban man needs and should have are just that—assumptions. Planners have advised with doctors, particularly those engaged in Public Health work, jurists, social workers, economists and other specialists. As a result, planners tend to be chiefly aware of evils to be corrected: evils of overcrowding, unsanitary houses, lack of sunlight, smoke, noise, dirt. They abide too much with statistics, neglecting man, the individual, in favor of the more easily charted averages of man's behavior. The ideals of practicing planners today can be summed up as medical-missionary *bourgeois*. Starting with the family as a unit, they attempt to assure him a healthy lifelong environment: a house of his own, a lawn and garden patch; nearby, a grade school, day nursery, library, church, shopping center, park; and across a green belt, the factory, where the wage-earner of the family earns the wage; and the railroad station, tube or airport for transit to the central city. The central city, according to this ideal, is the seat of government, banking, big business and specialty shopping. It houses no more than the families necessary to maintain itself and the tourists or other travelers who come on business or pleasure. The whole metropolis is to be, then, a central city of, say, a million inhabitants at the hub, surrounded by clusters of self-sufficient small cities (pop. 60,000), which in turn are divided into neighborhoods of truly local character (pop. about 5,000), centering about the public school, the movie theater, the church, playgrounds, factory, etc. It is an attractive picture in a tidy way: a safe, healthy, laboratory-tested life, with a balanced diet of work, sleep, fresh air, amusement and, presumably, spiritual instruction.

Wherever serious replanning is being undertaken today, as in England, the work follows, pretty generally, this picture. If the U.S. were to become so realistic tomorrow as to put the democratic ideal of the greatest good for the greatest number to work, the redevelopment of its cities would undoubtedly follow this same pattern of "minimum standards," which, while it provides the essential skeleton, does almost nothing to give life to the subject. Miss Catherine Bauer, writing in the *Nation** remarks, apropos of the minimum standards ideal in Housing, that "it can have a rather bleak connotation. It suggests that the only alternative to chaotic slums may be standardized 'projects' duly equipped with bathtubs and central heat but not very warming to the spirit, and it can give people the disquieting feeling that all social progress involves some sacrifice of individual liberty. . . ." Miss Bauer goes on to ask for more philosophic discussion of current Housing and City Planning concepts.

Here Miss Bauer has indeed touched the central nerve: we need nothing so much as a deeper search into the needs and wants of city dwellers, or, in other words, of the individual. To my knowledge, such an approach has not yet been

*"Freedom of Choice," the *Nation*, May 15, 1948.

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attempted by the brilliant architects and planners who have offered their solutions to the problem. To consider for only a moment the almost complete opposition between the Ville Radieuse of Le Corbusier and Broad Acres City of Frank Lloyd Wright is enough to see how little common ground they share. Yet both ideas, if carried out, would satisfy all "minimum standards" and, for all anyone can say with authority, either scheme might satisfy Mr. Lewis Mumford's dictum, ". . . the city that we want . . . is one adequately planned and equipped for the fulfilment of life from the cradle to the grave." The catch word, of course, being "fulfilment." Mr. Mumford has his own thoughtful definition of the word, which he puts into prose the equal of Mr. Walter Lippmann's. For that matter, Mr. Ruskin, Mr. Morris, Mr. Carlyle, to pick some old giants at random, had eloquent and divergent views on the same subject.

The point is labored enough; all opinion on the matter has been, to greater or less degree, subjective, and such is human vanity that none of the prophets have ever doubted, publicly at least, the validity of their pronouncements. Perhaps only the poets are truth-seeking enough to confess:

> How should I presume?
> Shall I say I have walked at dusk down
> narrow streets
> And watched the smoke that rises from the
> pipes of lonely men in shirtsleeves
> Leaning out of windows? . . .
> *or*:
> Let us follow certain half-deserted streets.
> The muttering retreats
> Of restless nights in cheap one-night hotels
> Of sawdust restaurants with oyster shells;
> Streets that lead you like a tedious argument
> Of insidious intent
> Toward some overwhelming question. . . .*

But poets and novelists of the Dostoievsky stripe, even if truthful, offer only the evidence that man is a sensitive animal, not always the socially co-operative straw man of city planners, nor the punctual Babbitt who teethes, procreates and dies on the charts of the census bureau, nor yet the potential juvenile delinquent of the jurist, the fallen angel of the clergy, the faceless beast of Alexander Hamilton, nor even a faithful copy of Hollywood's projections.

For it is upon the individual that the whole matter rests. Below social man or family man, below collective man in any form soever, stands the individual, a whirling mass of atavisms, drives, ferocities, guilts, dragging the endless chain of the past, always becoming, never arriving, carrying the whole load on his back.

Where can we learn about him, his needs, his aspirations, so that we can, with skills of hand and brain, help him toward his mysterious fulfilment? There is only one body of men who have approached this study objectively, without preconceptions, without fear of what horrors may be dredged up, without moral judgment; and that is the large and growing body of workers in the fields of psychoanalysis and psychiatry. Whether or not we "approve" of analysis as we bat the conversational ball around the dinner table is no matter, for the fact remains that here is the only objective, scientific knowledge we have of the nature of man.* And until the scientific method is discarded everywhere, we must abide by the results of the method.

This is not to claim that analysts or psychiatrists have at this time any complete answers to the vast complex of questions implicit in urban life. So far in their short history, they have applied their knowledge almost exclusively to the art of healing, and it is only very recently that the distinguished Dr. Carl Binger declared publicly that the time had come for psychiatrists to attack social problems, including the political. From the author's very limited knowledge, it would seem doubtful whether the psychiatrists could agree among themselves on anything so vague as the ideal environment for all city dwellers. But, of course, they should not be asked to attempt such a job. They should be asked, rather, a million or so questions about the oddities of individual men. Here, almost at random, are a few questions still shivering in the winds of subjective opinion.

1. Why do certain types of people insist on huddling together and don't give a damn for sunlight or good fresh air, as in Greenwich Village, night clubs, etc. What are these types, and is there any way of approximating their numbers in a population, say, of one million? If, as is suspected, this is a characteristic of intellectuals, artists, tin pan alley musicians and visiting buyers, and appropriate to some only for a few years and others for life, would it be wise to give them a district of their own, or is it wiser to merely leave a neighborhood slum invitingly vacant?

2. Is there any read need to create miniature furniture, playgrounds, hiding places, theaters, etc., for small children? Is it better to have a Punch and Judy show outdoors, in a park, as in Paris, or should Punch and Judy be taught in

* T. S. Eliot: "Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock." "Collected Poems," Harcourt.

* Of course, if you mean with statistics, charts, brain and dream measurements, etc., but there are other ways of reaching a "knowledge of man"; the artist knows; Rochefoucauld, Pascal, Dostoevsky knew; we are sure Mr. Fuller will agree.—The Editors.

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school? How much imaginative terror—and what kind—is necessary to the small child? Is the playground sufficient to satisfy his aggressiveness? The "gang" has appeared in the most carefully nurtured Public Housing Projects—as ferocious and clannish as any such groups in the slums. Is this, then, to be accepted as a fundamental need in the individual? And, if so, is a boy or girl scout troop fully satisfactory as a less socially destructive substitute?

3. Is there any way to measure the effect of handsome architectural surroundings, colors, parks, etc., on man? Or, if there is an effect, how deep does it go? And out of a thousand people, how many will be so affected?

4. How universal is nostalgia? How important is attachment to the familiar house, neighborhood, or rabbit's foot?

5. As between the family inheritance of emotions, customs and ideas and the community, is there any known balance?

6. Are there any reliable guides to the degree and amount of privacy that should be available to the individual?

Enough. The above may look almost frivolous; we are so used to assuming that man should be *something or other ideal*. Today it is all the State that he should love: as someone has remarked, the State is the only working wholesale religion, since man will die for it without serious question, as once he died for the cross. Perhaps we really should and can become total extroverts, healthy, socially conscious, creative, procreative, industrious, free of murder, incest and egomania.

But only the psychoanalysts, the psychiatrists, the research men of laboratory and field, are possibly equipped to give trustworthy evidence in the matter. From their testimony we can hope to formulate programs for urban life at last true to the real needs of men.

They should appear at the bar.

# Britain Revisited

J. L. BENVENISTI

MY FIRST impression on returning to England was a heightened sense of the charm and neatness of the place and of the dignity of its cities—particularly London. Yet I confess that on coming home I have been made irritable and uneasy by the atmosphere of the place. I am conscious here at the moment of a kind of fog of self-delusion very difficult to lay hold of and expose, and I am conscious of it all the time and not a little worried by it.

For instance, one of the things that is happening here is that we are destroying the remnants of our aristocracy—and it is just now good manners and good politics to pretend that it doesn't matter. Now all my life I have detested the British aristocracy—for the most part justifiably. All aristocracies—and the British is no exception—have intensely repulsive characteristics. All produce, and usually on a generous scale, the phenomena of the waster, the parasite and the snob, but that does not prevent an aristocracy from being the indispensable culture medium for producing the highest human qualities—always excepting holiness which is in a class apart.

By an aristocracy I mean a society in which a minority through the possession of hereditary wealth is largely released from the business of earning a living, and on balance the advantage of such an arrangement is overwhelming. A thousand lounge lizards, Bertie Woosters, and chorus girl chasers are a cheap price to pay for a single Acton, a single Newman, a single Shaftesbury, for whether these men were of the blood or no, they could only have been the products of that particular climate—and that applies to none more completely than Winston Churchill.

But the thing is rather more immediate than that, though very difficult to describe. The ethos of an aristocracy expresses by a kind of crude symbolism (one might almost say by a kind of comic strip method) the truth that value of a personality resides in itself, and what you are is ultimately more important than what you do. Whatever may be said about the swells, mashers, dudes and nobs of my boyhood, at least they were completely useless, they were not the means to any end, they were ends in themselves. They stood or fell by the measure of their own intrinsic loveliness. Generally they fell, but there was no other test.

Now I really do think that there was something profoundly right about this. A society that can value and admire people who by any mundane standard are completely useless, will be more ready to value the quality that by any mundane standard is the most useless of all. That quality is sanctity, and that is why I believe an aristocratic society will on the whole tend to be more Christian than its opposite.

To return, however, to the more general consideration of aristocracy and in particular to this matter of treating personality as an end in itself. We hear a great deal of talk about this "value of personality" nowadays, and even more of freedom (the two concepts are of course only different expressions of the same thing) and yet by a curious paradox we are, by a vindictive fiscal system, destroying these rare combinations of circumstances in which freedom for at least a limited number of people can be attained. The danger is thus present that we may lose all knowledge of the qualities freedom can develop—wit, spontaneity, intellectual appetite, and graciousness of mind.

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These things cannot be created by a scholastic and administrative machine. They are the result of background, social horizon, tradition, with perhaps—dare one confess such a thing—a tiny dash of selective inheritance; and precisely because we are ceasing to have experience of great personalities, such as are bred in that kind of setting, the whole concept of personality is becoming more and more nebulous.

That is having concrete and perceptible consequences. Because, presumably, they feel that they are dealing with an increasingly meaningless term, our authorities and particularly our educational authorities are beginning to fight shy of it, and our state-aided educational program tends to be defended not so much because it helps the children of poor men to live more abundantly, but because we cannot afford to neglect socially useful talent. So that personality is viewed after all as a means to an end.

Leaving these high matters on one side, however, I am disturbed by a more pedestrian consideration, namely the complete inability of the statesmen on both sides of the Atlantic to realize the nature of the thing that has really hit Western Europe and with it Britain.

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There is on both sides of the Atlantic a tendency to relate our difficulties to the late war, and there is just enough truth in this interpretation to allow people to be taken in by it.

Most certainly we have been hit by the war. Our productive equipment has run down and with it our productivity per man hour. We have, as I have so frequently pointed out, lost our overseas investments and a good part of our merchant shipping. All this is true enough but is only a surface complication of our malady, and only a partial cause of the yawning gap of £600,000,000 in 1947 between our austerely restricted imports and our means of paying for them.

The largest single factor contributing to this result is sometimes incorrectly spoken of as the rise in the American price level. In Britain we think of it that way because such an inordinate proportion of our imports came from the dollar area last year (there being no other area from which we could obtain them) and because the devaluation of the dollars which America had loaned us seemed to have something peculiarly inequitable about it.

But the rise nevertheless was not a rise in American prices but in world prices, and the secret of our trouble is our inability to grasp that the forces which drove up the price level are not a passing aftermath of war, but are themselves the result of a profound and in all probability a permanent climacteric change in the life of man on this planet.

Bluntly put, the world appears to be outrunning its food supply, and the vast and accelerating increase in population in areas which once served as export areas is making it increasingly difficult and disadvantageous for them to act as export areas any longer. This must create an increasing scarcity of food and also of raw materials in Britain and Western Europe and even if this trend is masked by an occasional abundant harvest the trend is nevertheless likely to be permanent.

Some amelioration for Britain and other deficit areas may just conceivably be obtained by the development of colonial territories—and this is what makes the British ground nuts scheme in Africa (which will, it is hoped, one day conjure an additional half million tons of fats into being) a step which is undoubtedly taken in the right direction.

But as this very ground nuts scheme has shown, such developments are enormously costly and slow, and our chances of redressing the balance by such expedients are, to say the least, precarious. Nor will Marshall Aid save us—indispensable though it is. Marshall Aid is a necessary palliative and may to some extent cushion the shock of our impending catastrophe, but it cannot square the circle, or spare us the necessity of an economic readjustment more radical and more painful than is realized by any but the tiniest minority.

Cut off from its old abundance, Europe is no longer viable. That is the plain truth of the matter—the truth our statesmen will not see, or, if they do see, will not utter. Europe has for a century skimmed the cream of the earth; and because our share of the cream was plentiful it was also cheap; but there are now other claimants to the limited cream supply.

This is really the key to the mystery of the international scene. Its real significance lies in the engrossment by Russia of areas such as the Danube basin which once sent their grains westward but have now reversed the direction of their trade or are using their produce to feed their own people. It is because we have already accepted and acquiesced in that state of affairs that in a previous article I said that our defeat was already a fact.

Miracles may of course happen. There may be some triumph of the laboratory just around the corner that may somehow provide our sustenance and possibly our fuel and raw materials too *ex nihilo,* out of the air or out of the garbage can, and so dramatically end our difficulties, but it would be unwise to speculate on that, and yet unless that miracle happens we must face the brutal fact that world prices will remain high, and that the days when the primary producer was fated, except during periods of brief wartime boom, permanently to hold the loser's end

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are gone for good. The primary producer has with a vengeance come into his own.

This means that we in Europe, and particularly that we in Britain, must sooner or later accommodate ourselves to exchanging a vastly increased quantity of goods for a given quantity of food, and this cannot be done without such lowering of our standard of life as is likely to produce a political cataclysm.

What then is the solution? I do not know. Perhaps there is no solution. But if there is a solution at all—apart from mass migration—then quite clearly the first step is to divert our energy from increasing our industrial production to increasing local supplies of food.

Unfortunately this is an extremely difficult task. For a country like Britain to become self-sufficient in food would involve a doubling of its present output. Theoretically this is possible, but it would involve so vast an injection of capital that, even if every form of industrial capital investment were to be abandoned (and that would hardly please the Americans), we are not likely to command such an amount. Quite obviously, too, such an act of economic conversion from industry to agriculture cannot be undertaken without economic strains which may well prove lethal.

However, all this is largely theory, for I do not think that this enforced pasturalization is either psychologically or politically possible, even if it were practicable in other ways, and so I am quite unable to say what the future holds. I am writing these lines under the shadow of the Berlin crisis, which may have eased or possibly intensified by the time they are in print. If war comes again it is a commonplace to say that it will be the end of all of us, but if we are spared another war the outlook seems almost equally dark. In such circumstances it is at least the beginning of wisdom to do one thing and that is to face the facts. I doubt whether either we or anybody else are doing this.

# Britain's Food Battle

L. F. EASTERBROOK

BRITAIN realizes now that she must turn permanently to her own soil for more of her own food and more of her own wealth. We thought we had learned that lesson in World War I, when the submarines brought us within a fortnight of starvation. We forgot it before World War II arrived; but this time, before we can forget it again, the economic situation has underlined in red letters the lessons driven home to us by military necessity. Never again, so far as we can see, will Britain and Western Europe enjoy the privileged position which pioneership in the Industrial Revolution brought them for over a century. Other countries have learned how to make industrial goods and to export them; other countries have rapidly expanded their populations and seek a better diet for their people. This, in the long run, can only mean one thing—namely, that the system by which Britain traded comparatively scarce and dear manufactured goods for comparatively cheap and plentiful foodstuffs is now coming to an end, if it has not already ended.

Before World War II, Britain produced from her own soil about one-third of her food. But even this she achieved only by a vast importation of some six million tons of animal feeding stuffs. So, when World War II came, much of her increased cultivations had to be devoted to replacing some of these feeding stuffs from overseas to maintain a reduced livestock population. Our poultry were halved, our hogs cut down to one-third of their prewar numbers. We grew more wheat, potatoes and vegetables for ourselves, more barley, oats, roots and green food for our stock. In terms of calories and protein, Britain increased her farm production by about 70 per cent during World War II; but since so much of this was to replace imported animal fodder, we did not increase our supplies of human food by anything like that figure.

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*General Estimate*: To estimate how much of her own food Britain could provide under ideal conditions would just be idle speculation. There are too many "ifs." But the estimate most generally made is that, when we have re-equipped the land we shall probably be able to produce for ourselves two-thirds, instead of the prewar one-third, of the food that will give Britain a diet to keep her people actively healthy.

This may be overoptimistic. On the other hand, many people believe (and I frankly admit that I am one of them) that eventually we can exceed that figure. But it is going to take years. Not only have we got to have about 250,000 new farm cottages built, but we have to bring most of our farm buildings up to date, and water to most of our fields, create whole new villages, with communications, in millions of acres of hill land and breed up our commercial livestock both in numbers and quality. We must do at least two other things. We must build up a tradition of even more intensive production than at present (although our wheat yields already average thirty-two bushels and our potatoes, on land where they would normally be grown, seven tons); and we must build up a virtuous circle of rising fertility. It must be something like this:

Better grass = more livestock
More stock = more dung
More dung = heavier crops
Heavier crops = more food for more livestock

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Already we can see this transformation at work in many areas. The right sort of beginning leads to an advance on the whole farming front with a remarkable increase in production in all branches. This, we find, is accompanied by a psychological advance in the attitude of the farmer. As he sees his output rising, and his farm looking all the better for it, he is captured by the idea, and far more effectively than by the most expert exhortations of the most practical scientists. When he sees it happening and knows he has achieved it himself, he believes it.

This will explain what I mean by saying that estimates of Britain's total potential food production can be really only guesswork.

What are we doing about it? The Government has made a beginning by setting targets for British farmers designed to produce an increase of 15 percent in total home food production above the peak production of World War II. At 1946 prices this would represent an increase worth just upon £100,000,000 ($400,000,000) in 1951-52. To obtain this they have guaranteed farmers' prices for their stable products, good enough not only to reward them fairly for what they grow, but to enable them also to re-equip their land and finance the increased quantities of livestock, farm machinery and other items they will have to purchase. The following table shows the prewar supplies of various commodities Britain's farmers grew, the position in 1946-47, when the program was launched, and the position we hope to attain, as a first installment, by 1951-52.

*Britain's Farm Production*

| | 1938-39 | 1946-47 | 1951-52 |
|---|---|---|---|
| Wheat | 100 | 119 | 160 |
| Barley | 100 | 257 | 279 |
| Oats | 100 | 150 | 156 |
| Sugar Beet | 100 | 164 | 131 |
| Potatoes | 100 | 209 | 129 |
| Milk | 100 | 107 | 123 |
| Beef and Veal | 100 | 93 | 110 |
| Mutton and Lamb | 100 | 70 | 77 |
| Pig Meat | 100 | 32 | 92 |
| Eggs | 100 | 78 | 152 |

These 1951-52 figures represent not what is desirable, nor the total of which our land may be finally capable of producing, but what is considered technically possible in the circumstances. It will be observed that potato production will be less than at present. The argument here is that as we produce more of the "protective" foods (meat, milk and eggs), we shall require less of the bulky foods, particularly potatoes, to keep ourselves from being too hungry. High production of oats and barley will be required to feed our increased head of livestock. But, even so, we shall need to import something like two million tons of feeding stuffs to supplement home-grown rations for the 1951-52 head of livestock.

No one can yet say if these targets will be realized in the stated time. We have had our disappointments. The world feeding-stuffs' position has turned out worse than anyone expected. We have not yet built the number of farm cottages we had hoped to erect by now, and there has been more delay than many expected in allocating the steel and getting that steel converted into farm machinery.

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*More Abundant Supplies*: At present, I feel that we are just getting off the bottom. Light, wheeled tractors are off the ration (Britain now has over 230,000 tractors for her 29,000,000 acres of crops and grass), and the supply of some other implements is getting easier. One or two counties, at least, hope to have their farm water problems (so essential to a farming economy based on livestock) entirely solved by next year. This March the fowl population showed an increase of 10,200,000 (or about 30 per cent) above last March, and hogs have begun moving upwards. Cattle, however (both dairy and beef), so far are pretty stationary.

Britain's Ministry of Agriculture is doing some very good work in pin-pointing the machinery situation. It has been able to say, for example, that the demand for light tractors can now be fairly well met, but that there is a great need for "crawler" tractors, combine-harvesters and one-man pick-up balers. It is, therefore, encouraging manufacturers to launch out in these lines, rather than increase the plant for producing more wheeled tractors. British farmers are spending £40,000,000 ($160,000,000) a year on farm machinery, and would like to spend much more if the machinery were available.

The general principle is to use our existing resources of men and material to get the greatest increase in food production as quickly as possible. This means concentrating on raising the efficiency and output of existing farms before tackling the more formidable problem of bringing large acreages of poorer, more remote and unpopulated lands into high production. I am one of many who believe that there are possibilities in these almost unpopulated areas that the layman barely suspects, and that these lands eventually could supply an appreciable part of the balance after the existing agricultural structure has been stepped up to produce, say, two-thirds of Britain's food requirements. But we are running a race with time, and it is obvious that increased production from farms on the better land and from those that need the minimum of re-equipment must have first priority.

To help us in this since the end of World War II we have created a National Agricultural Advisory Service which, for administrative purposes,

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groups the counties of England and Wales into eight provinces, each of which has a headquarters staff of scientific and husbandry specialists. The Service also provides a staff of husbandry and horticultural specialists in each county, as well as advisers in general agriculture. The latter might be likened to the family doctor, in regular touch with his patients and well able to deal with any day-to-day problems that arise. But should he want a second opinion, or be faced with anything unusual or exceptionally serious, then the county or provincial "specialists" are called in for consultation. These "specialists" also have the duty of studying on their own account and keeping abreast of agricultural knowledge at home and abroad.

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This service is available to every farmer, absolutely free of any charge. A post card or a telephone call will bring it to his farm, and in case of necessity none is in too small a way of business to be precluded from receiving free the benefits of the knowledge and personal attention of men of world-wide reputation. We believe that no other country in the world can boast such a service. We look to it to play a large part in securing the increase in output that we must attain. In this effort we are applying both personal contact and general demonstration. We are showing, for example, how the use of better bulls and better calf management could raise Britain's average milk yield of 510 gallons per cow by 20 per cent and so attain the milk target without the need for keeping a single extra cow. Or, to give another example, we show by demonstration how bad grass can be turned into good grass, so that one acre of pasture can do the work of two and so release more acres for more food. It sounds so easy, and so it is in many cases. But in every country there is that hard core of farmers who are difficult to bump out of the old ruts. They may be only a minority, but targets cannot be reached without getting them also into good ways.

For this reason every county has a County Agricultural Committee, composed mainly of farmers and assisted by a paid staff, charged with the duty of promoting efficient farming. The chief officer of each Committee is normally a member of the National Agricultural Advisory Service to which reference has been made. In extreme cases, when a really bad farmer has been put under supervision for at least a year and still shows no inclination whatever to mend his ways, the Committee can recommend to the Minister of Agriculture that the farmer be given notice to quit. Every farmer so treated, however, has the right to appeal to an independent tribunal before he can be evicted.

*Great Dollar-Savers*: In the long run, Britain must depend upon her grass and her livestock as her greatest farming assets. These are what our equable climate and evenly spaced rainfall most favor; these are the great dollar-savers; these are what are required to give our vast industrial population not only the food it needs, but the high-quality food that will keep it actively healthy. Fortunately we lead the world in grass, management and research, but the knowledge on this subject we have gained in recent years is far from being universally practiced yet in Britain. But more and more farms are extending their grazing season by a month at each end and keeping more stock to the acre by using the new strains of grasses and regarding pasture as only a crop in a rotation, kept down in grass for a fixed period and then ploughed up so that another crop, such as wheat or potatoes, benefits by the fertility from turning in the sward grazed and manured by animals. We are still discovering fresh knowledge in this department. One of the latest new departures which I have seen recently in commercial practice in England's West Midlands, is to plough up the grass and then to sow the land with a crop of rape or kale in time for winter grazing. The saving in man hours of sending the cattle to eat the kale, instead of cutting the kale and taking it to the cattle, is enormous. On the farms where this is being done, sterility has practically disappeared, possibly on account of the exercise the cattle get in grazing the field. They manure the soil and so pave the way for a productive cash crop the next year, until eventually the field goes down again to better pasture than it ever before knew.

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Britain also discovered the potentialities of young grass, artificially dried. It is cut early in the season, when it is about from eight to ten inches high, then dried in a stream of hot air. Thus treated, it will keep for years the nutritive qualities and high protein content of the finest summer grazing. It is comparable with dairy cake rather than with hay, or even silage. We still have a great deal to find out about this, both in production technique and in its exact feeding value and how to feed it. Costs vary widely between about £10 ($40) per ton of dried grass and £20 ($80) and even £25 ($100). But it may be a valuable provider of a home-grown food rich in protein, and we are deficient in Britain of that type of feeding stuff, with beans as our most natural source of such production. The Milk Marketing Board, however (an organization financed and run by the dairy farmers and including all Britain's dairy farmers), is making an interesting experiment in this direction. It has set up twelve grass-drying stations in different

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parts of the country. It provides the plant (costing £9,000 to £10,000—between $36,000 and $40,000 at each center), and the men to work it. It rents a farmer's grass field from him and sends men and machines to cut and carry the grass to the drier. In fact, it does all the work and offers the farmer his grass back, in dried form, at a cost guaranteed not to exceed £18 ($72) per ton. Each drying center serves some fifty small farmers, and it is because they are in a small way and unable to afford their own drying plants that the Milk Board is making this experiment. It is doing the same thing for small milk producers by running a chain of artificial insemination centers with high-quality bulls.

The farmers of Britain have stayed in good heart despite all difficulties, and as the tools come along they will be eager to do the job which for years they have said ought to be done by them. A good harvest, after two bad years, would be a godsend. It would send spirits up and breed a sense of achievement. On more practical grounds, they have been promised that, if the harvest goes well, they will be allowed to keep back on their farms 20 per cent of all their wheat and barley to feed to livestock. If that materializes, I believe it will mark the biggest step forward in British food production since World War II. We are hopeful and resolute on the land, and are thinking more of the new chapter that is opening in Britain's history than about the closing of an old one.

## *The Soul That Cries to God*

The soul that cries to God out of the hot heart of contrition
Is indisputably heard.
This is the pact of love; it is triply signed with a sure eternal seal.
Though the whimpering call creeps out from the den of the coiled serpent
That hides from God and that lies in wait for the Virgin's heel,
There is a sudden hastening out of heaven
To the place of the cry. God takes this piteous one
At its urgent word.
He bundles it into His ship, with all its holdings,
And the island of sin, at the soul's desire, will border itself with distance wide and blurred.
And He Who redeems will use for the soul the full extent of its cargo:
The songs, the memory's trivia, the sweet or acid tears,
The spoils or the debt of frightening arrears.
Ingenious to save, in the end His love will put to divine advantage
The wisdom (if wisdom could be the word) of the wasted years.

JESSICA POWERS.

# Communications

## RAILROADS AND ARBITRATION

Cleveland, Ohio.

TO the Editors: John C. Cort's column (August 6) on arbitration and the railroads is received and appreciated.

First, let me advise you, there is no such thing as "compulsory arbitration." Arbitration comes out of a mutual arrangement by and between the parties who cannot agree, and any vicious system that forces the parties to accept decisions of referees is dictatorial or fascist, and is obnoxious in our democracy.

I have been in the labor business 53 years and I have read no tea leaves following the May, 1946, blitz. Nor did I say that I would spend the union's money like a drunken sailor to get Harry Truman out of the White House. I was not quite that silly. At the time the Brotherhood had 45 million dollars in the till. 40 million of it represented insurance funds, and I am of the opinion that the editors of THE COMMONWEAL know something about the state and federal regulations that govern insurance companies. But many newspaper men have made the same error as you gentlemen in alleging that I had threatened to spend all of the union's funds to defeat Truman.

In my opinion, there are some laudable references in your article. Some of your statements do not represent the facts, and I regret that the author, Mr. Cort, failed to confer with Mr. Johnston of the Engineers or me, as we have the facts available, and could have supplied him with a comprehensive statement of what took place in May, 1946.

A. F. WHITNEY,
*President, Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen.*

## ECONOMIC REPORTS AGAIN

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editors: The meek shall possess the earth, but nowhere is it written that they shall necessarily be understood by Mr. Casey. In my reply to Mr. Casey's original letter I said—far too modestly, as it now appears—that I didn't feel "at all qualified to debate the subtleties of economic science" with my worthy critic. I take it all back. I do feel so qualified. I feel all the more qualified, incidentally, in that Mr. Casey, so far as I can determine, really isn't talking about the subtleties of economic science as such. He is talking about economic philosophies. . . . And now let's get down to the business at hand.

1.) In the first place, Mr. Casey (July 30) continues to berate me for something which I never said and never dreamed of saying. He persists in referring, at my expense, to centralized government planning *à la* Socialism and Communism. I have never advocated government planning. On the contrary, I tried to suggest in my original review that the Industry Council plan (or the Industries and Professions system of Pope Pius XI, to use another term) looks like the only viable alternative to gov-

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ernment planning. Instead of talking about government planning, why not talk about some of the "structural" reforms which the more forward-looking Christians of Europe, workers and employers alike, are trying to introduce into their respective national economies—the kinds of reform which are reported so frequently in "CIP Correspondence," from which THE COMMONWEAL is culling its interesting weekly feature on Catholic International News. I refer Mr. Casey to the following issues of "CIP Correspondence" for typical reports out of Europe on the progress of the Industry Council idea: VI:52, VII:1 & 6, VII:21. The last of these references reports that, by virtue of an agreement adopted by the Belgian Christian Labor Unions and the Catholic Employers Federation of Belgium, "industry councils are to be formed in all enterprises employing fifty or more workers" and that "in enterprises employing 500 or more workers or having a capital of at least 10 million francs ($225,000), management must keep the Industry Council informed of its business and financial status." Suffice it to say that some of the very best Catholics in Belgium and of other countries are already experimenting with far-reaching reforms, for the very mention of which Walter Reuther has been ridiculed by the automobile industry in the United States.

In any event, it's the Belgian type of "planning" that I was talking about. Whether or not I have thought the whole matter through, the Belgian experiment and similar experiments in other countries—I simply must insist—are in the direction of implementing *"Quadragesimo Anno."* And Pius XI, I take it, was anything but a "pseudo-liberal."

2.) Mr. Casey puts the worst of all possible interpretations on my casual and very innocent reference to the "twentieth century." He has decided—presumably by intuition—that I referred to the twentieth century "for the purpose of implying that this makes Socialism good and economic individualism hopeless." Try again, Mr. Casey. It so happens (I have the feeling that I'm stuttering) that I am opposed to Socialism. That's why I favor the establishment of an Industry Council system.

To save time, may I be permitted at this juncture to ask the following "slow" and "non-indignant" question: Does Mr. Casey really think that the Industry Council system is synonymous with Socialism? If so, let him carry on his debate with Pius XI and scores of lay and clerical proponents of the Industry Council system and not with the so-called "pseudo-liberals." Henry Wallace, incidentally, doesn't believe in the Industry Council plan, or, if he does, he had better not let the Communists know about it. The *Daily Worker,* as Mr. Casey undoubtedly knows, ridicules the Industry Council Plan at every opportunity. The Socialists, if they advert to the proposal at all, are only mildly interested in it. Most certainly —and for very obvious reasons—they are not in favor of it.

3.) I did not criticize the NAM for maintaining a lobby in Washington. I criticized it for lobbying altogether too often for the wrong objectives. And lest we get bogged down again in fruitless and rather pointless references to those good old "pseudo-liberals," let me substantiate my point of view on the NAM by quoting from a recent article by Alfred S. Cleveland in the May issue of the *Harvard Business Review*: *"Without exception* the measures favored by the NAM (during the thirties) provided some sort of aid to business and industry. *Without exception* rigid opposition was maintained against similar assistance to other groups and against all regulatory measures pertaining to industry. Whether or not the NAM was justified in its stand on some or many of these items, it is the 'without exception' characteristic of such a record that makes it necessary to ascribe it to narrow and limited group self-interest."

Neither Mr. Cleveland nor the editor of the *Harvard Business Review* is a "pseudo-liberal."

It goes without saying, I hope, that I am not impugning the personal integrity of individual members of the NAM, any more than Mr. Casey is impugning mine. On the other hand, I should be extremely gratified to learn that Catholic members of the NAM, by and large, are doing as much to direct the policies of the NAM along the lines of Christian social thinking as Catholic unionists, by and large, are doing towards the same worthy end within their respective locals and internationals.

4.) Mr. Casey says that "the process of bargaining and 'wringing benefits' (between employer and employee and between buyer and seller) is the essence of the system." This statement—which is disarmingly frank, by the way—has little or nothing to do with the subtleties of economic science. It's a description of our economic system and of the philosophy which underlies it. I insist again that Christian social teachings can never be satisfied with such a philosophy of economic life. Cf. *"Quadragesimo Anno"* et alia.

5.) Mr. Casey accuses me of stepping into the "class struggle." Frankly, I'm ashamed of myself—ashamed of my apparent inability to convey the simplest of thoughts in my native language. I merely meant to say, Mr. Casey, that if the trade unions, *e.g.,* hadn't struggled relentlessly for the rights of the worker, many of the benefits of increased productivity most certainly would not have been passed along to him automatically. Incidentally, Mr. Casey's faith in the automatic distribution of the benefits of increased productivity is naïve. If his theory is correct, the whole history of the labor movement is simply the tragic history of so much wasted and unnecessary effort. And *"Rerum Novarum"* and *"Quadragesimo Anno,"* aside from the fact that they "step into the class struggle" more unashamedly than Father Higgins would ever dare to do, were superfluous documents and never should have been published.

6.) No, Father Higgins does not assume that "anything which increases wages is necessarily good." But he does assume, if he may say so again, that labor ought to have as much to say as management has about the distribution of the fruits of increased productivity. He also assumes that Mr. Casey is guilty of an enormous oversimplification in blandly attributing the economic plight of England largely to excessive wages.

7.) Mr. Casey, if I understand him correctly, implies that the "economic charlatanism" of some anonymous

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group or other (the New Deal?) was responsible, between 1932-1940, for "the longest period of depression and economic stagnation which this country has ever suffered." Well now, I feel better after reading that one; for, however much or however little I may know about the subtleties of economic science, I know enough to recognize in this innuendo one of the classical oversimplifications of the century. Mr. Skillin's balanced review of Dixon Wecter's book appearing in the same issue that carries Mr. Casey's letter, suggests, to me at least, that Mr. Casey's precious explanation of the depression of the thirties isn't the final verdict of history—to put it as inoffensively as possible.

8.) My reference to Mr. Nourse was not intended to be a "trick shot"—an expression, incidentally, which might suggest to certain readers that I've been indulging in "dirty pool." (Or is Mr. Casey alluding perchance to the more wholesome tricks of tennis or of basketball?) I know something about the ins-and-outs of Washington bureaus, including the fact that the final wording of the Economic Reports of the President is subject to White House revision. This is just as it should be, of course, for the President signs the Reports himself and must therefore assume complete responsibility for their contents. However, if Mr. Nourse disagrees with the President on a very important issue such as the one that Mr. Casey mentions, I would expect a man of Mr. Nourse's stature to let that fact be known. I can only conclude that Mr. Nourse doesn't disagree fundamentally with the substance of the President's Reports, particularly in view of the fact that the separate reports of the Council of Economic Advisers itself, which are signed by Mr. Nourse and his colleagues and not by the President, make no mention of any major disagreement. On the contrary, the separate reports of the Council parallel and substantiate the longer Reports of the President. In any event, Mr. Casey will pardon me if I fail to say "uncle" merely on the basis of his unproved assertions about the President's lack of integrity.

In conclusion, while I apologize to Mr. Casey for casting aspersions on his love for humanity (who ever heard of a Casey who didn't love humanity?), may I add—sensitive soul that I am—that unless Mr. Casey desists from using such expressions as "charlatanism," "trick," "trick shot," "pseudo-liberal," "substitute for thought," etc., I'm not going to play any more. I'll take my bat and ball and go home.

*The Reverend* GEORGE G. HIGGINS.

P. S. The day after this letter was posted I received a copy of the Midyear Economic Report of the President together with a separate Report to the President by the Council of Economic Advisers. The first paragraph on Page 44 of the latter document is directly pertinent to Section (7) of Mr. Casey's letter. Mr. Casey charges that our "vastly increased money supply and loose fiscal policy" is "the main reason for the inflation"—an embarrassing fact which President Truman, says Mr. Casey, has a "vested interest" in concealing from the American public. The three members of the Council of Economic Advisers (not the President in his own report, be it noted again, but Mr. Nourse and his colleagues in their separate report) explicitly reject Mr. Casey's explanation of the curernt inflation. "To be sure," the Council says, "we want to achieve reasonable steadiness of the dollar, although at a price level necessarily higher than in prewar times. But the process of monetary adjustment is only one ingredient, and in a sense only a byproduct, of adjusting relationships within the price-income structure so as to facilitate and maintain maximum production and employment. . . ." On Page 43 of its report the Council takes notice in passing of those "alarmists" who "refer to our present currency as 'printing press money'," and hastens on its own account to add that "sober students do not see in the present monetary situation any real analogy with Continental and Confederate currency episodes or the more recent collapse of the currencies of numerous countries in Europe or elsewhere after both World Wars." Mr. Casey is certainly not one of these anonymous "alarmists." The words of the Council are nevertheless deserving of serious attention in the present context.

I have cited the foregoing excerpts from the Council's most recent report merely to indicate that there are at least three distinguished economists in the United States —of varying political persuasions and hardly to be classified with impunity as "pseudo-liberals"—who happen to disagree rather fundamentally with Mr. Casey's analysis of the "intricacies" of economic science. They may be right or they may be wrong, but, in any event, this is what they have written. Mr. Casey, of course, is perfectly free to allege once again that they don't actually believe what they have written to the President over their personal signatures. As for myself, I should be very, very reluctant to make such a damaging allegation without having at hand ever so much more evidence than Mr. Casey has thus far presented.

G. G. H.

## "THE HEART OF THE MATTER"

Stone Ridge, N. Y.

TO the Editors: Not the least of the good things to be said of Mr. Graham Greene's latest book is that it is difficult to stop thinking about it. No doubt this is so in part because, as Mr. Waugh says, Scobie is not Mr. Graham Greene's creature . . . but "a man of independent soul." The most we can try for, therefore, is 'a slant' on him, a dim apprehension of what, in his predicament, he presents to us of the stuff of life.

I must confess to being surprised by the flat, one might even say, conventional disposing of the problems, raised in this extraordinary book by its distinguished reviewer. I should have expected a deeper, more sensitive analysis from the author of Brideshead. But I suppose if you can't take Péguy, you can't take Scobie either. Mr. Waugh's rather savage attack on the *"Nouveau Théologien"* goes for the heart of Scobie's matter too . . . and leaves the answer to the theologians. But the question, I think, is not one only for theologians. Why, Péguy seems to remind us, were those closest to Christ in the

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Gospel so often sinners? A question more likely to be answered out of meditation than argument.

And we must, I think, in judging Scobie, remember not to do so only from the Olympian standpoint of the reader. We know; because we are watching from the sidelines, are permitted to see the whole, the consequences of his actions. Scobie, as a man, came to them piecemeal, the only way possible within the limits of human experience. In each case he did what seemed to him *the good*—that is, what in the heart of it seemed good. And if the line of least resistance for Scobie was to protect others from their miseries, it was not out of his weakness that he did this. The line of least resistance is not necessarily weakness. It can be the line most in accord with one's own nature. With Scobie this was one of inherent goodness—if thought for others more than for oneself is goodness. He did not do evil that good might come. He did what in each case his compassion directed. Always and inevitably he was animated by his care for others. And it took all his strength because he saw, and with unusual clearness, what is the law in these things; Scobie's theology was, surely, impeccable. But, as the poet tells us, pity is a rebel passion —and Scobie was most pitiful. He was more pitiful than theological—he may be condemned in that. And again it took all his strength because he was a man and often this most unruly of passions warred against his inclination. The sacrifice of his reputation against the honesty of a lifetime; his exquisite handling of the dying child against the agonizing reminder of his own child's death; the sparing of his wife from the smallest embarrassment (how differently, one feels, he would have acted towards her had she been the one who must receive Communion); his reluctant tenderness for Mrs. Rolt against his longing for peace and solitude; even the lowering of the torch from Wilson's face in the dark street outside Yusef's house lest it show up the malice in his enemy's eyes; and the resolute turning from the cleanly wholesome safety of the confessional . . . the effort all these things cost him must exonerate him, surely, from the charge of weakness.

But what good did it all do—to anyone? None, apparently. It was all quite unnecessary and very stupid. But it is a question of attitude, perhaps, rather than of act. Is this what Mr. Waugh means by the separation of the moral from the spiritual state? A dilemma. And inasmuch as it has to do with charity, Christian. And what Mr. Waugh calls "mad blasphemy" in the offering of his damnation at the foot of the altar was but the offering of his dilemma. It was all he had to offer, where he had got to, himself as he saw himself—damned because he was there at all. But there he was, not by premeditation, not with intent to offer evil that good might come, but there because at that moment this was how it had happened. In this special way he had made a mess of things and this he offered, in the immediacy of prayer, in the instant of God's presence.

It is, perhaps, characteristic of the man that the thing that finally breaks him is not his sacrilege at the altar, but the death of Ali—who may have been innocent. After that he despairs and his course is clear. But again what an effort it costs him! The awful temptation not to take the pills, the effort to keep awake to take them. . . .

Father Rank has the last word and we can be thankful. And that in his wisdom, he leaves us guessing. And after all—even if Péguy is right—the saint to whom this sinner was closest was one whose name nobody could remember. FRANCES LEGGETT.

## PEACE OF MIND

Los Angeles, Cal.

TO the Editors: In a recent review (July 30) of three current books on Cardinal Newman, some question is raised by Anne Fremantle as to the peace which Cardinal Newman found in the Catholic Church. The suggestion is also advanced that the final resolution of the point is a "secret" between Newman and his Maker. Does Anne Fremantle have any facts to support this amazing conclusion, either from the books in question, or any other sources? There may be some question as to the degree of ecclesiastical peace which Newman found from time to time but until this moment there seems to have been little question as to the reality of the personal peace of mind and soul which he found in the Catholic Church. The "Apologia," the letters, the whole tenor of his life with the Oratorians are eloquent on the point. He not only found that peace for himself but he still helps others to find it, long outside his own time. As "secrets" go, it would seem to be one of the most public secrets in the history of religious thought. EMMET LAVERY.

*The peace of God we are told, "passeth all understanding" and Newman may have remained—indeed some of his friends and biographers thought he did—all his life in the dark night . . . as a greater than he, Teresa of Lisieux seems also to have done. I fear I expressed myself clumsily: I did not question, of course, his having made his peace with the Church, only his enjoyment of what are sometimes called "sensible consolations."*

A. F.

# The Screen

## Physician, Heal Thyself

THE REMARKABLE thing about *"Mine Own Executioner"* is that, for a change, a movie treats psychology, and its allied branches psychiatry and psychoanalysis, as a grown-up science. Of course there have been films that used psychological devices intelligently, as for instance the episodes involving tests in "The Dark Mirror." But most of these movies get bogged down in popular misconceptions and wind up, as did "Spellbound," with analyst and patient falling in love while on an exciting but rather silly chase.

"Mine Own Executioner," an adult English film, is concerned mainly with a lay-psychologist who suffers pro-

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fessionally because he is not also a doctor, and who suffers out-of-business-hours because he is confused in his attitude toward his own marriage. He thinks he is falling out of love with his wife and in love with a blonde—who turns out to be wiser in her conceits than this smart guy. As a psychologist, however, he is considered highly: by his fellows, by his patients and by us who see him in action in a series of fascinating scenes dealing with his treatments. Much of the film's grown-up attitude toward the profession is evidenced in its willingness to kid psychology when it deserves a little fun-poking and to admit its deficiencies when it obviously gets too big for its breeches. Accustomed as we are to having the hero of a film be a big hit with his main project, it comes somewhat as a surprise in this case to find the psychologist failing with the patient whose story provides some of the film's most interesting episodes.

Credit should be given to Anthony Kimmins, whose good direction throughout adds much to the success of this film, for his particularly skilful handling of the flash back through which this patient, a schizophrenic, reveals his story in the third person and without actually appearing. And of course credit should go to Nigel Balchin, who wrote the psychologically sound script from his own novel, and to the large cast whose sincere portrayals sustain the realistic note, particularly Burgess Meredith as the psychologist, Kieron Moore as the schizophrenic, and John Laurie as the doctor who comes to the psychologist's defense at the harrowing coroner's inquest. Practicing psychologists may be a little annoyed when Meredith admits that this job needs a god and he is no god, and that "You work on a series of guesses and sometimes you guess wrong," but on the whole I don't think they'll mind this prying into their profession. The film (which gets its title from Donne's quotation about the many examples of men who work so hard to do themselves in and ending: "But I do nothing upon my selfe and yet am mine owne Executioner") should appeal not only to those who are curious about psychology and its methods, but also to adults who like a thriller with ideas.

*"Beyond Glory"* also uses psychotherapy as part of its story, but the scientific aspects are quite secondary to the main themes: the trial of a West Point cadet who thinks he is responsible for the death of his commanding officer during the war. Under John Farrow's direction, the West Point scenes are exceedingly well done; but you may find it a little difficult to believe in healthy, husky Alan Ladd as a neurotic, or in Donna Reed as the young widow who falls in love with this man who considers himself guilty of her husband's death. You'll also find the plot a little too contrived for the contrasting realism of the West Point shots. And you may even wonder why, if psychology is so gosh-awful wonderful, poor suffering Ladd wasn't cured a long time ago instead of at the climax of a court marshall. However we can't blame the psychologists for all the strange uses to which the movies put their work. Anyway this film will have more appeal for moviegoers whose interests lie more in sports, hazing and graduation at the Point than in the psyche.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

# Books

*Behold the Spirit. Alan W. Watts. Pantheon.* $2.75.

THIS book was published October 6, 1947. It reached me in December, I think, and since December I have been struggling with its contents. I have tried to consult several noted theologians on it. The answer one of them gave was that it certainly was an exasperating book and impossible to review. Yet I feel that where the scholarly and learned fear to tread, I might as well stumble in, because whatever I may have to say against this book, I can't get rid of the feeling that it has significance, although Canon Bernard Iddings Bell's statement that "it is one of the half-dozen most significant books on religion published in the twentieth century" is too prophetic for me as one writing when not yet half of the century is finished. The only thing that surprises me is the fact that I have not yet seen any controversy about it. Yet any book written by an "Anglo-Catholic" who is steeped in Oriental mysticism as well as an extremely well read man in Western mystics and theologians of all shades should make us perk up.

I am not sure whether I have assimilated its contents, but I am sure that I find its message profoundly disquieting and challenging. In many ways I find Alan Watts kindred to Friedrich Heiler, especially in his profound respect and love for Catholicism, which is yet coupled with a haunting apprehension that Catholicism has not achieved maturity and is perfectible. Which, of course, puts this book *ipso facto* on the proscribed list. "Whereas Protestantism has largely degenerated from religion into moralism, Catholicism (which for Watts includes naturally Orthodox and Anglican Churches) retains certain essential elements of religion but . . . for the most part uncomprehended both within and without the Church . . . official Catholicism [being] little concerned either to explain or to experience . . . its . . . dogmatic symbols, it resembles an algebraic formula of great intricacy, internal rationality and even beauty, but with little indication of the realities to which its terms refer." Mr. Watts is very much aware of the outsider's criticism of traditional and institutional religion: "The repellent externals of modern Church life (here he includes all sects)—organizational busy-ness, inadequate teaching, excessive moralism, doctrinal obscurantism, lack of conviction, absence of reality, the very disunity of the Church[es—I would add]—all are rooted in the fact that the modern Christian has no sense of union with God."

Throwing out superficial remedies concocted by man, Watts predicts that the age of religious realism, of mystical, immediate experience is at hand, the age of the Spirit. "Technique is not enough. Mere discipline is not enough. There are dozens and dozens of plodding Christians, clergy and laity, who say their prayers, [make their] meditations, repeat the Divine Office, make their confessions, attend or celebrate Mass, and from time to time go on retreats. Others fling themselves into social service . . . giving all their time and wealth to the poor [yet] it profiteth me nothing." According to our author we are like monkeys imitating an orchestra, but never getting the measure of music. "A human being can master all techniques yet never be an inspired musician."

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Mr. Watts is not the only one who feels that a new "influence" has to stimulate a new deployment of the faith, that a season is over again and a new spring being called for. From the Hebrew background and apostolic and evangelical simplicity, through the reflex reactions caused by the meeting with Hellenism, with the Imperium, with the Germanic, Celtic and Slavic men, with the synthesis of Aristotle and the Arabs down to the meeting with Humanism, Industrialism and Marxism, the living Body of Christ has always had healthy reactions of either growth, profound re-deployment or protective growth. This author seems to feel that the Far East will make its contribution superior to all previous ones. Father Huonder, S.J., a Swiss, made the same observation twenty years ago. Abbé Monchauin left France a few years ago after decades of study of the Indian sages and lives now as a Sadu in an Indian village, seeking the key to the open gate that still bars the path through which India can enter theology and bring about what Origen, Saint Augustine, Thomas Aquinas, Bernard and Eckhardt have done for the past. The tragic thing is that so much of the extent of fertilizing influence is bound up with the mental size and the ethical magnitude of the human agent that brings about the change. Had Origen and Eckhardt been as great as Augustine and Thomas the assimilation would have been vaster. The daring of Mr. Watts is praiseworthy, and while his syntheses may hardly be a success, it would be well for us, if we remembered Saint Thomas more as a daring pioneer, and with him Saint Augustine, and learned less to look on the results of his efforts than on the effort itself.

His great idea is the conquest of what he feels to be a latent dualism in what he thinks to be the initial exploration of Christian truth. The non-duality, instead of oneness of God, brings into harmony those things that have beset the ages, all Christian thinkers from the Apostolic Fathers to Karl Barth, orthodox and heretic alike, for it resolves the problem of evil, of hell, of sin, of incarnation. While it starts with a resolution of the ontological problems of theology, it overflows into practical life and establishes a new mysticism which is able to make action and contemplation one and the same. Watt's "incarnational" theology resolves above all the glaring opposition of world and Spirit, futility of the seen things versus extra-worldly purpose of man's being.

There is no doubt that this book was written with some kind of inspiration and a deep and loving passion for the things of the Spirit. The joy of discovery and the imagery of a creative thinker is all over it. That it is repetitious, that it is prone to simplification, that it often jars by substituting a word or a concept to bridge chasms of facts are shortcomings which the enthusiasm of discovery will excuse. I hope that no adverse criticism will discourage the author and his school of thought to filter into our hermetically closed West fresh waters and seeds from the East. Many of his judgments deserve corrections, e.g., when he identifies Pre-reformatory Catholicism with symbolic and childlike Christianity and makes therefore Protestantism (and its stimulated counter-growth Post-Tridentine Catholicism) to be adolescent Christianity and both stages necessary—and therefore good—stages on the way to maturity. He does not do anything worse than the romantic theologians and historians of early nineteenth century Germany, or Marx,


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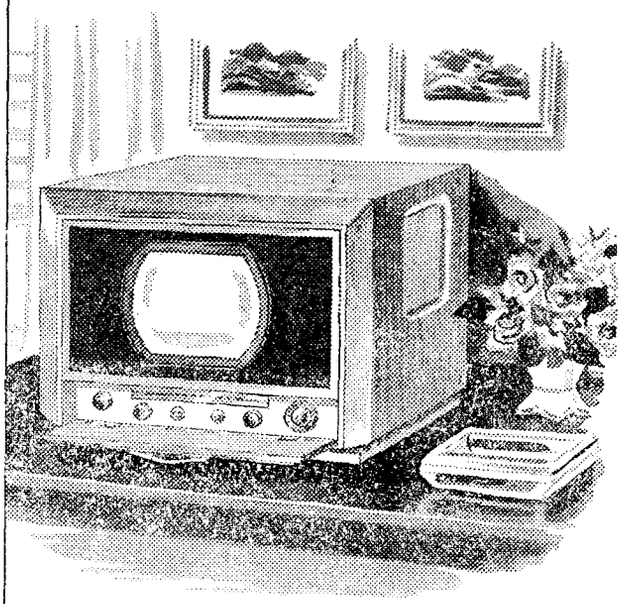

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or Spengler, or Toynbee! Joachim of Fiore (or Flora) seems to have been the first one to classify the "ages" of the Mystical Body. The Petrine Church of Rome, the Pauline Church of Geneva and Wittenberg, the Joannine Church of Moscow are similar constructions, not alien to Dostoevski, Bulgakov and perhaps Soloviev. Watts seems to see the periods rather in the Church of the Father, of the Son, and now the era of the Holy Spirit. Ever since Dostoevski in his "Grand Inquisitor" created the classical symbol of the "anti-Roman" affectus, this question has haunted modern minds.

We seem to have no Summa, no comprehensive answer, in spite of our Chestertonians, who tell us that sanity and supernatural truth are "evidently" the same thing, or that the Baltimore catechism is the thing that will set all minds at rest. But we will always have our Job, our Abelard, our Eckhart, our Pascal, our John Henry Newman and our Romano Guardini. The men around *Dieu Vivant*—de Lubac, Daneliou, Urs von Balthasar, all Jesuits by the way—are witness of this eternal conflict. They annoy people with pat replies, but they are needed.

The vast field plowed up by Mr. Watts makes it impossible through sheer extent for this reviewer to do him justice. This cornucopia is so overflowing of originality that a report would burst the seams of any review and a synthesis require a greater mind than the author's. I am resigned to the task of showing a few trophies from this new continent, but I could not draw a map well oriented and correct. Mr. Watts has created work for a whole school of scholars, inside and outside our walls. We owe him prayers and thanks for his courage, skill, and diligence. H. A. REINHOLD.

*Treasury of American Drawings. Charles E. Slatkin and Regina Shoolman. Oxford.* $7.50.
*Still-life Painting In America. Wolfgang Born.* 134 *illustrations,* 1 *in color. Oxford.* $7.50.

THOUGH Van Wyck Brooks and other scholar-critics have long been subjecting the past in American literature to a re-examination, the same impulse of reassessment has been slower to express itself in art. To be sure, paintings from the Hudson River School were exhumed and exhibited in the last days of the war, curators and other researchers have been digging away among the worthies in New England portraiture, and Mr. James T. Flexner has recently found, in painters like Feke and Blackburn and Copley, the "first flowers in our wilderness." Yet the stream of this reconsideration still has not been amplified to a full, strong current. It is therefore good to have two further volumes which should at least help to enlarge this flow of new estimates about a neglected area of our past.

Of these the first, while seemingly the more comprehensive, is actually the far less revealing. "A Treasury of American Drawings"—a compendium from the wooden days of Benjamin West and his still earlier confreres to the last tense caricature of Gropper, the circus jokes of Calder and the Japanese grotesques of Kuniyoshi—would appear to be an indispensable volume for bookshelves of the curious on American art. Unfortunately, the authors, Miss Regina Shoolman and Mr. Charles E. Slatkin, who follow the profession of teaching, dispense their *dicta* on *"social content"* in drawing as if lecturing to eager post-graduates from a more advanced

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high school. They seldom make comments on drawing as such nor on the particular susceptibility shown by a given draughtsman. Also, they commit themselves too readily to that limitation of the academic mind—all-comprehensiveness. Samplings may well have their merits—but why deny Marin for Grant Wood, or the delicate noctambulist from the West Coast, Morris Graves, for John Steuart Curry? This exception aside, the book at least has a certain schoolhouse pertinence as an album on its subject.

As for "Still-life Painting In America," here Prof. Wolfgang Born, from Louisiana State University, has compiled a connected and tasteful lot of pictures and provided them with an agreeable text. He discusses still-life painting from its remoter European origins, aptly terming it the "chamber-music of painting," and then attacks his real subject upon arriving at the Peales, of Philadelphia. He sketches each of the tribe briefly and sometimes with insight. James, who drank, was an "objectivist *pur sang*," while Rubens supplied the touch of a disarming and somehow friendly personality. Later, one encounters Harnett, along with the cult of *trompe l'oeil* and those painters who sought to deceive the eye with their literal "sheets" of pipes, accounting books and musical instruments. Later yet appear the more adroit—and yet often less flavorsome—men of our own day. Had Mr. Born somewhat restrained his penchant for theorizing—he links, for example, one of the Peales to that gipsy of French moderns, Henri Rousseau, and again hammers too much on the *trompe l'oeil* tradition as persistently bearing on Harnett—he would have strengthened his book. But as it stands, for text, for refinement in illustrations, and in general for good taste in selection, this is undoubtedly a volume to fill out an important sector on past (and indeed present) American painting. As such, it should help speed the day when a full estimate of our past developments in art should at last become possible.

JEROME MELLQUIST.

*The Smacksmen. George Goldsmith Carter. Houghton.* $2.75.

STORM upon storm, herring after herring, tavern brawls, drownings, in short, the turbulent life of an East Anglian fishing town, the Borough, is presented to us in Mr. Carter's "The Smacksmen." He, too, comes of an ancient line of sturdy English fisherfolk in whose veins salt runs as thick as blood and a good deal thicker than ink. For with all his opportunities for derring-do and disaster, George Carter cannot bring to life his grizzled smacksmen, his violent seascape. Everything just happens with a tailor-made convenience which is too blatantly contrived. People are killed off with an infantile dispatch that is hardly credible to the average adult reader. The author manipulates his Sam Turnbull and his Liza, his John Ropner and his glacial Hannah, and wee Roger Turnbull, the ultimate hero, with little regard for the unpredictability of ordinary life, let alone the hazardous calling of a fisherman in the North Sea.

"The Smacksmen" smacked me much as a languid cod slapped across my face; I could not miss the strong briny aroma, but I was somewhat numbed by the blow. Neither was I able to perceive anything three-dimensional in Mr. Carter's fishermen, even though he has crowded every

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# Next Week

REEDUCATION IN GERMANY, by Waldemar Gurian, is a firsthand evaluation of the American occupation and touches on such factors as de-nazification, the anti-nazis, publishing and the press, re-education itself, and the new forces in German life. Dr. Gurian, who has recently returned from Germany, believes in facing the facts squarely and does not hesitate to state that the American education program has failed to accomplish a well-nigh impossible assignment. He also has clear-cut suggestions as to what should be done.

SCHOOLBOY IN ENGLAND, by Thomas Merton, is a fragment from the Trappist poet's autobiography which is to be brought out in this country next month. It begins: "It was on one of those mornings in Oxford Street, perhaps not the very first one, that Aunt Maud and I had a great conversation about my future. We had just bought me several pairs of gray flannel trousers and . . . and now, having emerged from D. H. Evans, were riding down Oxford Street on the top of an open bus . . ."

THE BRONZE DOORS OF THE BAPTISTRY, by Elizabeth Campbell Carney, is a dispatch from Florence which tells how the famous supposedly bronze doors of Ghiberti have just come to be restored to "their original golden splendor."

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sea custom and sea tale he knows into the unwieldy necklace of his narrative.

There is a mass of highly usable material in "The Smacksmen," in the local types and setting and the vigorous relation of both. It could have been a touching and heroic saga. Mr. Carter could have plucked not only the reader's imagination but his heart. He has, alas, merely unwound a tape full of printed people and places. He has told us nothing.

ELIZABETH JOHNSON.

*The Frozen Sea. Charles Neider. Oxford.* $3.50.

YET ANOTHER book about Kafka, critic and public both may exclaim. Yet that is just what Mr. Neider's is not. It is as serious and as vital an approach to Kafka as the "Skeleton Key" was to "Finnegan's Wake," for Mr. Neider regards Kafka as a conscious artist, deliberately using his own complexes, his own outgrown neuroses and anxieties, his own infantilisms, as material for his imagination to work upon. These all are beggar's horses: the substance of a work of art: as Neider says, "It was Kafka's genius to be able to find symbols that could carry the weight of simultaneous levels, beginning with the autobiographical and sinking ever deeper in the subterranean world of cabalistic social structures and the personal and collective unconscious."

Thus "The Castle" represents bachelorhood, feudalism, and the beatific vision; "The Trial" is "a novel of Kafka's father period . . . of the city, masochism. It is an atonement for the effort to escape Europe, in "Amerika." But, alas, Mr. Neider goes too far, at least in his vocabulary. He really is most helpful in much of his analysis, especially of the short stories and tales, but outside of a clinic such phrases as "the symbol of virility bars the pregenital neurotic's way to heterosexuality" should really be forbidden. They have little relation to life, less to reality and none to literature.

ANNE FREMANTLE.

*Being An American. William O. Douglas. John Day.* $2.75.

IF JUSTICE DOUGLAS had been a candidate this time the publisher would have struck it rich. As it is, this collection of various addresses of the last eight years (nothing from his legal opinions) is valuable for near-future reference. Mr. Douglas reveals himself as a phrase-maker with eloquent and optimistic devotion to Civil Rights and the well-being of the common man. These excerpts also hint at considerable understanding of the requirements for true political democracy.

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